

Exhibit "C" *See page 2*

The OTEEN

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19
PUBLISHED AT OTEEN, NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. II

SATURDAY FEB 1 1919

No. 1



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When Helios and his flaming charge
Have disappeared beyond the hills,
Come wondrous hues in echelon—
The Rex of Nature's mystic thrills.

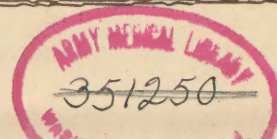
Each sturdy pine that studs the mounts,
Each creek that tumbles through the scene,
Gives witness of His unmatched art,
That paints us Love as our Oteen.



Through hazy twilight, shadows steal,
'Till distant hills in slumber blend,
Another cycle of our life
Comes to a happy, peaceful end,

Then, in the hush of early dusk,
A lesson from the scene arrives—
We, too, may use His glorious works
To bless the sunset of our lives.

ROBERT L. MURRAY,
1st Lieut., Inf. U.S.A.



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Accounts, and we will Welcome
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The OTEEN

(Indian for "Chief Aim")
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Vol. II.

Saturday, February 1, 1919

No. 1

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice,
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teen weeks, postpaid. Five cents the copy.

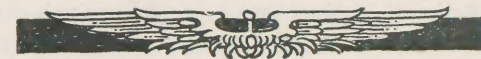
Quite a number of writers, in reviewing recently the part of the United States played in the great war, agree as to the facts that in response to the Government's call for troops and volunteers "millions of men, as it were, sprang from the ground." They do not, however, give William Jennings Bryan credit for saying long before the United States entered the war, that in case the States should enter it, this is exactly what would happen. Mr. Bryan, of course, was ridiculed for saying it, nevertheless he stuck to it through the years—and many of those who ridiculed him are now confirming the soundness of his prediction of four years ago.

And even more creditable has been Mr. Bryan's sticking to his belief in our willingly accepting the grape juice as the national beverage. And his prophetic words have come to bear fruit. And to this neighbor and good friend of ours, more than to any other man, is due the credit of carrying his party and nation over to the acceptance of the boozeless way of doing things.

Conceding that his much ridiculed grape juice policy has been nationally indorsed, we can point out how nearly right he has been in the exemplification of the demobilization problem now confronting the Government. It was easier, apparently, to get the defenders into the ranks than it is to get them back to their homes.

"Oh, but my time is taken up, I haven't time to read up on current things." This is becoming a frequent remark among us—and men must, to keep abreast of the times, read the current periodicals—whether it be the Times—or the Police Gazette! In these days, when history is in the making every single moment, you cannot afford to become a "has-wuzzer." True it is, that between caring for the sick, or being sick yourself, and the thousand and one things to keep a man away from his 'readin', our time is well taken up. . . . but believe us, the papers these days are recording the downfall of additional kings and births of new republics.

There cannot be true democracy without public opinion, and there will be little public opinion among us, off here in these Blue Ridge Mountains, if we become mentally lazy and do not keep posted.



Two years ago there were hundreds of thousands of men in the United States who had never handled a gun. The nation had pretty nearly generally forgotten how to shoot and the effort of a few to establish gun clubs and introduce rifle shooting as a clean sport met with little encouragement. This condition has now been changed; the typical young American knows so well how to handle a gun that it seems almost inevitable that rifle shooting will be added to the list of popular sports. And if a name is needed to symbolize the sport, it will perhaps be possible to deal with the subject more appropriately than is the case in Switzerland,

where the patron of rifle shooting is William Tell, who did his shooting with bow and arrow. History provides Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett and literature offers Natty Bumpo, otherwise "Leatherstocking."



After this Hospital—What? Have you given it thought—as you must sometime soon—what are you going to do when you leave this hospital? Perhaps you know; perhaps you think you know, but are not quite sure; perhaps you do not know at all, but are trying to think of some scheme!

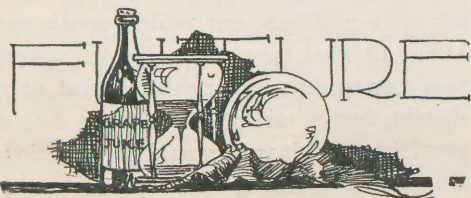
You may intend going back to the old line of business or trade. Naturally you want to go back better equipped for success than when you left it. The interim of time has made you rusty—it couldn't help but doing so. If you have chosen a new line of work you do not want to lose a bit of time in learning all you can about it. The Vocational Library will provide you with books and magazines that will be useful to you.

If you can not go back to your old job and do not know what new one to get ready for, the Vocational Library can help you. It can give you books that will tell you about a great number of different occupations, and one of them will probably be the one for you.

The Vocational Library is making big promises. It is able to do all that it offers, because if it does not have just the book or information that you desire, it has ways of getting it—and getting it quickly. State your wants to them—and they are a governmental institution—and have your future at heart oftentimes more than you yourself.

The American Library Association Vocational Library is in the Red Cross Building. The place is yours for a reading room as well as a place to get books. The librarian's services are at your command. In case you cannot come to the library, the library will come to you. All that is necessary is to let your wants be known to the vocational librarian when she goes through your ward.

The next few weeks and months should be all important ones for you. For the sake of your future years do not procrastinate now—give it deep thought immediately and then get to work.





CAPT. SAMUEL M. NORTH, S. C., U. S. ARMY
CHIEF, RECONSTRUCTION SERVICE

RECONSTRUCTION IN THE AMERICAN AND IN THE CANADIAN ARMIES

Reconstruction, or as it is termed, "Rehabilitation," of disabled Canadian soldiers commenced in the fall of 1915 when the first disabled men returned from overseas. There was very little experience upon which to base a policy; but by starting in a very modest way, various kinds of work were introduced into convalescent hospitals. Later, as cot cases were returned, ward occupations were successfully introduced. After discharge from the service, re-education for some new occupation is provided for any man whose disability prevents him from returning to his pre-war occupation. Just as under the United States regulations, this training is provided free of cost and the man and his dependents are maintained by the Government during the training. About 45,000 disabled men have been returned to Canada, and of these a little over 5,000 have been found to require training for a new occupation.

As at Oteen, so in Canada it has been found possible to do a great deal of useful preliminary vocational training while a man is in the hospital; but of course the Canadian army authorities recognize that the chief value of work during a man's period of hospital treatment is its effect on the restoration of the man to health.

I have seen no better example in America, and I do not believe a better example can be found in Europe, of the application of the principle of healing work and of preparing a man to return to civil life in the best possible condition than is afforded by the reconstruction work in General Hospital No. 19. It has been an inspiration to me to see the way in which everyone, from the Commanding Officer downwards—including of course the patients themselves—is co-operating and helping in this work.

Kidner
T. B. KINDER, Special Advisor on Rehabilitation, Federal Board for Vocational Education.

Among the most pleasant results of the visit of Captain Dunham and Captain North to the National Anti-Tuberculosis Conference at Birmingham was the return with them to Oteen of Mr. T. B. Kidner, Special Agent of the Federal Vocational Board. Mr. Kidner, who was responsibly connected with the reconstruction work in the Canadian army from its very conception, has been called in an advisory capacity to the United States to give counsel to our Federal Vocational Board on certain phases of the reconstruction problem; and in pursuit of his duties he had been detailed to attend the Conference at Birmingham. Upon the basis of what he heard and saw there he was ordered to change his plans and come immediately to Oteen with Captain Dunham and Captain North. What he saw, what he heard, and what he gathered of the organization, administration, and morale of Oteen may be appreciated by a reading of the signed editorial in the first column of the Reconstruction Page, of this issue. Mr. Kidner's visit has re-inspired us and he leaves us after a three days' stay with the hearty wish that he may soon return.

★ ★


At the Southern Conference of the National Association for the Prevention and Relief of Tuberculosis held at Birmingham, Alabama, January 22-24, Oteen was again to the fore. In his presidential address at this gathering, Dr. Lyman compared one of the best French hospitals with Oteen, greatly to the advantage of the latter as a representative of modern scientific methods in the treatment of tuberculosis. He again asserted, as he had done to the medical officers conference at Oteen, that in his judgment the medical, clinical, reconstructural and recreative activities at Oteen were not surpassed even if equalled anywhere in the world. Both Captain Dunham and Captain North were warmly received by their audiences and were accorded every consideration as representatives of this great organization of ours; and they in turn explained that the degree of success attained at Oteen had been

made possible only by the C. O.'s wise forethought and thoro familiarity with this problem and the hearty and enlightened co-operation which he had extended to and in turn received from every department of the institution.


One of the most interesting events in the history of Oteen was the visit last week of Dr. David Lyman of the American Association for the Prevention and Relief of Tuberculosis, and Dr. Charles A. Hatfield, Managing Director of the Association. These gentlemen, who are universally conceded to be among the foremost American experts on the treatment of tuberculosis, made a close professional inspection of Oteen. At noon, after the officers' noon mess, they participated in a meeting of the officers at which Dr. C. L. Minor of Asheville, addressed the gathering upon the relation of the tuberculosis expert to his patient. Dr. Minor's paper was finely conceived, thoughtfully worked out, and impressively delivered. In the course of a most interesting discussion following the paper, Dr. Lyman, Dr. Hatfield, Dr. Minor, Captain Dunham, Captain Hayes and Captain North spoke of various points made in the paper; and in the course of their remarks the three visitors spoke warmly in praise of the organization, administration, quality, and morale of Oteen.

They were especially insistent upon the fact that the experiment of treating so large a number of patients as are now at Oteen is a new thing in the medical world and asserted that the present promising state of this huge experiment would certainly influence future practice and procedure for the treatment of tuberculosis not only in the military and naval but in civilian sanatoriums.

Along with their commendatory statements regarding the superior clinical and X-ray work at Oteen, our visitors spoke most highly of what they saw in the Reconstruction Department and predicted that at no distant date a civilian sanatorium lacking provision for this work would not be seriously considered among first-class institutions of its kind.



TAPS & CAPE



Deo et Humanitate

HONESTLY NOW—!

What is of interest to woman readers and what is "irrelevant" matter on this page? Judging from the way OTEEN is read, from cover to cover we believe that women who read at all enjoy a little of everything readable. In our library the "housewife" type of magazine is the most neglected and not (as yet) appreciated by us. When at home there was some reason for reading "A Dainty Hint from Paris" or the newest recipe for "pommes de terre au gratin" but now we bestow but a passing glance on that most delectable creation of the milliner's art and we leave the recipes to the dietitians. We like reading matter which appeals to us as to an all-round individual and not simply to our professional interests. And although Bill may insist that what he has to say is very "tecknickel" the average "Mable" enjoys it much better than the "Baby's Second Summer" page, or "How I Fed My Family on Four Dollars a Week." Answering our original question nothing which amuses or edifies is irrelevant.

☐ ☐

The very first nurse on the Post to announce a birthday was Miss Wakefield, so the nurses at Table No. 2, Right, with whom she dined before she took her tray to Table No. 1, Left, decided to celebrate the occasion and began by inviting the guest of honor to bring her tray back to her old place for Tuesday night.

☐ ☐

One of "Mother" Kellogg's famous chocolate cakes, with the correct number of candles, drew all eyes to the center of the table, but the "piece de resistance" was a delicious fruit salad, concocted by the hostesses themselves. After overcoming her surprise our guest was able to partake of the products of Sam's culinary skill (and the fruit salad). After this "feast of reason and flow of soul" there was a birthday "shower" of useful or ornamental (?) odds and ends, but the festivities were brought to an abrupt end by somebody's suggestion that it was time to go and give out the 7 o'clock medicines.

Social life on the Post is developing pleasantly and the series of afternoon teas in the Nurses' Red Cross House, inaugurated three weeks ago has done much to promote good fellowship among us. Last Sunday we had the pleasure of meeting a distinguished Canadian guest, Mr. T. B. Kidner, who for the last three years has been engaged in Reconstruction work in Canada, and who has been "loaned" to our Government for a year. Mr. Kidner came with Captain North when he returned from Washington last week. Other guests were Dr. and Mrs. Minor, Miss Minor and Mrs. Paul Barringer, of Asheville. We were also glad to welcome Colonel Kitts and wife and Captain and Mrs. Dunham.

☐ ☐

Dear Jack:

I really have meant to have written before, but this has been a busy week in spite of quarantine. I begin to realize that this is no longer the dull Post I have told you of, though our little affairs might not seem so exciting in "real" life. When you work your level best for eight hours any change of program becomes wonderful to you. I went to three "movies" this week, two at the "Y" and one at the Red Cross. I forgot what the pictures were. Lieut. S. was at one side and Capt. B. right behind us. They are awfully clever and it seemed just like the opera and a box at that—

I am afraid I can't tell you very much about the "Y" gallery. It is such a queer, army-like place, you might not fully understand. We gave our usual dance on Thursday night. A Post orchestra gave us good music and we danced as long as we could. This means 11 o'clock, not that we were tired. Not being obliged to spend all our money for music, we had some good "eats," only sandwiches and coffee, but somehow it seems a good deal in the Army. Friday night some officers walked home with us. What of that? Why that is the most exciting thing I have told you, but don't worry, Jack, when you are home—

(The rest of the letter was torn off).

IN THE INFIRMARY

If you haven't visited the Infirmary where the sick nurses go

Take a tip from me, it's a real good show
And ask permission to pay us a call.

Your room mate is a stranger, you don't know at all.

One says "Nurse, open the window, wide, if you please."

Another shouts "Fill this hot water bottle, I'm about to freeze."

"The thought of anything to eat makes me deathly sick"

Cries another. Then a wee, weak voice,
"Nurse, I want you—quick!"

The poor, tired nurse in charge of these
"Cross Red" girls

Runs 'round in a circle, sighing—Her head how it whirls—

They call and they yell through the whole livelong day

Till the poor "charge nurse" wishes she were many miles away.

Of all the cross, cranky patients of whom I've had the care

The nurse is the crossdest and the hardest to please. She's there with her aches and her pains, of all patients the worst.

From this deliver me, O Lord! Let me NOT nurse a nurse.

—U. M. G.

☐ ☐

Miss Ginnochic of the Red Cross spent the week end with us. She makes a good patient, too.

Miss Dexter seems to have found her particular corner in the Infirmary. It gives her a good view of the street and her friends try to cheer her all they can in these trying hours.

Patton, who is the "oldest resident" says Infirmary is not such a bad place after you have tried I-8. She wants to know if anyone so dreadfully thin can ever hope to wear an evening gown again?

EDITORIAL

The Lesson Gained



HERE is something about the word "lesson" that rubs the fur of the normal American citizen the wrong way. It usually comes as a fore-runner for some "Holier than thou" composition of sentimentalism. But there is a real, honest, red-blooded lesson in the sunset picture on the cover of this issue. Have you ever stood, of an evening, watching the gradual blending of the landscape as the shadows deepen? Finally, darkness has obscured all but the silhouetted horizon; yet you stand there under the spell of the wonder you have just witnessed. Then the awakening—the lesson comes home and you feel yourself a better man.

Isn't that much the same situation in which we are all living today? We have been gripped close by the stupendous events of the World War for nearly two years and suddenly find that the object of our wonder no longer exists. Let us grasp the lesson.

The allied victory over Prussianism was something more than the destruction of one man's dream of world domination. It was the signal of a new era, a triumph for Humanity and Justice, for Love and Liberty.

Now that the world is reconstructing for peace, let us spare no effort to make sure "that these honored dead shall not have died in vain."

Soon we will all return to our civil occupations and the pleasant memories and associations of the service will remain fresh long after we have forgotten the hardships we have undergone. We have met and, like ships in the night, pass—many of us never to meet again. But each of us has gained by the meeting. Let us, then, conduct ourselves so that in time to come we will be blessed with the knowledge that we have not only done our full share but have helped to lessen the other man's burden.

We have met where a man must *be a man* or fall by the wayside. In the service, there is no middleground. Another man's shirking does not cancel or minimize our obligation. To the contrary, it brings an added responsibility.

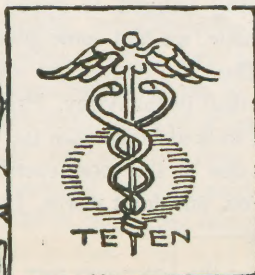
The Christ Jesus did not complain because of the unfaithfulness of mortal man. He accepted the increased task willingly and gladly.

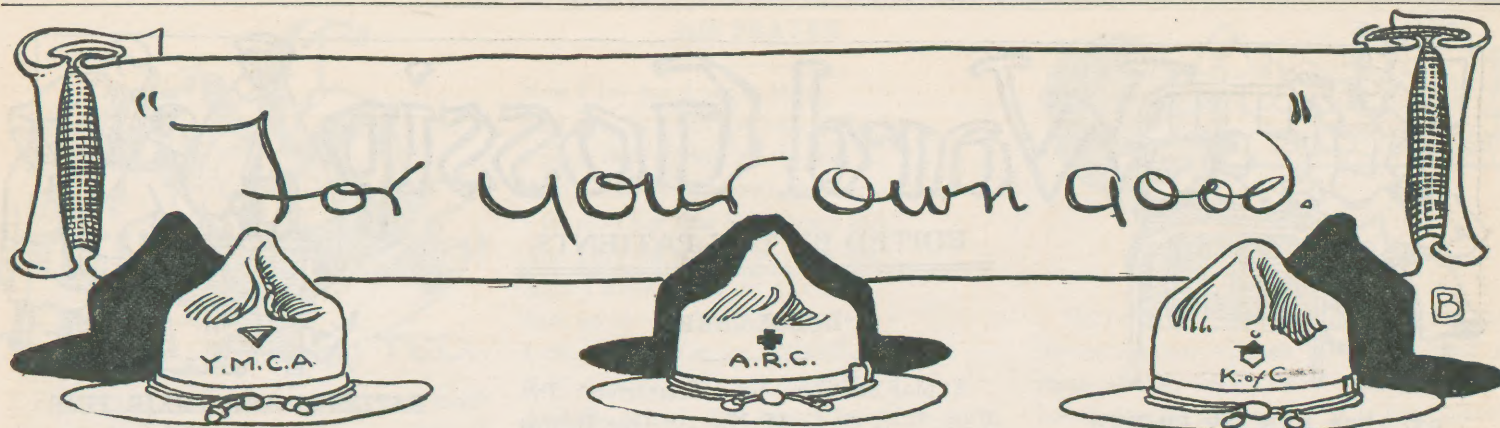
Selfishness and covetness started the war.

Sacrifice and Love ended it.

Let us profit by the lesson and govern our acts in such a manner that the "Sunset of our lives" may be beautified by memories of the part we took and the spirit in which we took it.

ROBERT L. MURRAY,
1st. Lt., Inf., U.S.A.





The "Y" put on movies five nights last week, including the two at the Patients' Mess Hall. Our big Powers Six A is making as fine motion pictures as can be seen at any city theatre. No wonder the hut is packed at every entertainment.

▽ ▽

Please take notice of the new order from the Hospital Administration excluding smoking from the movies at both Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross House.

▽ ▽

The attention of the patients is called to the fact that the "Y" hut has been opened to them exclusively on Monday nights. The Secretaries will make it a point to have something entertaining going on these occasions.

▽ ▽

On Monday night of this week Mr. Francis Hendry, musical entertainer and impersonator, regaled the audience at our first Patients' Night entertainment. All were delighted. We wish we might have had Mr. Hendry for another evening with the detachment men.

▽ ▽

Our Sunday evening "Sing" and Gospel meeting seems on the way to becoming the largest Sunday gathering in the camp. The attendance last Sunday almost filled the auditorium. And how they sang, both the boys and the goodly company of nurses. Chaplain Prentice's talk was a gem. We shall never forget this meeting.

▽ ▽

The attendance at Sunday School last Sunday shows that it is not the Asheville Philathea girls that constitute the attraction, for the quarantine has prevented the girls from coming out the last two Sundays. The boys come because they are interested in the things for which the Sunday School stands. And now for a record attendance next Sunday.

On Monday evening, a large number of detachment men used the Red Cross House as their club room, and it is hoped that every Monday evening as many of them as possible will make this their club home.

+ +

On Tuesday evening, the film, "Might and the Man," given for the enlisted men patients, was a particular popular one. On Friday evening, "Whispering Chorus," for enlisted men patients, and on Saturday, "Bunker Bean," for the officer patients, nurses and civilian attaches of the Post, were successfully given. The pictures are clear and steady and much appreciation is expressed of the work by Private Malone, who operates the machine, and Private Wenige, whose piano playing so well fits the pictures.

+ +

As the patients and detachment men are learning what Red Cross Home Service offers the soldiers, there is a daily increase in the number of visitors to the office of Mr. Crain, Associate Field Director in charge of Home Service work in camp. The Home Service department of the Red Cross was organized in order to serve the soldier by assuring him that his family would be maintained in safety and peace of mind during his absence. If there is sickness or other trouble at home, Mr. Crain can quickly get in touch with the Home Service worker in the man's town, can have a visit paid, and medical or other assistance given.

+ +

Some good work is being done in the wards by the Red Cross force. Mr. Gillespie is distributing fruit, jellies and other delicacies furnished by ladies interested in the welfare of the patients. More than a thousand of the attractive art folders furnished by the Asheville Board of Trade have also been placed with the patients, and most of these folders have been forwarded to the patients' home.

Sgt. Mills and Sgt. Marsh from Base Hospital, Camp Greene, were guests at the Hut this past week while visiting Waynesville Hospital No. 18 on business. Sleeping quarters were provided for them over night and the usual welcome shown to visitors was given them.

★ ★

When you expect your friends or relatives from home—let us assist you in entertaining them.

★ ★

A large requisition for athletic supplies has been filed with headquarters and will soon be available at the Hut. We have baseballs, bats, gloves on hand and will be glad to loan them to the boys whenever they wish the use of them.

★ ★

Secretary Downy (an old baseball man), who has had several years of experience, playing league ball, is anxious to organize a real ball team at Oteen this coming season. GET BUSY AND TALK IT OVER WITH HIM.

★ ★

Mr. J. H. Silverman, representative for the Jewish Welfare Board, has posted the weekly schedule of J. W. B. on our bulletin board for your perusal. He visits Oteen Tuesday and Saturdays and you can always communicate with him by calling K. of C. where he makes his headquarters.

★ ★

Your attention is called to the new selection of books recently placed on our shelves for your use. Whatever one you wish that is not there, kindly inform either Secretary "Bill" or "Joe" and an effort will be made to secure it.

★ ★

Don't hesitate in asking us to do favors for you in Asheville while you are in quarantined. We go to town everyday and solicit your errands.





BECAUSE HE'S MY FRIEND

He may be six kinds of a liar,
 He may be ten kinds of a fool;
 He may be a blooming high flyer
 Without any reason or rule.
 There may be a shadow above him
 Of ruin and woes that impend;
 I may not respect—but I love him—
 I love him, because he's my friend.

I know he has faults by the billion,
 But his faults are a portion of him,
 I know that his record's vermillion,
 He's far from a sweet seraphim.
 But he's always been square with Yours
 Truly,
 Ever ready to give or to lend,
 And though he is wild and unruly
 I love him, because he's my friend.

I knock him, I know; but I do it
 The same to his face as away;
 And if other folks knock—well, they rue it,
 And wish they'd had nothing to say.
 I never make diagrams of him,
 No maps of his soul have I penned;
 For I don't analyze—I just love him,
 Because—well, because he's my friend.

TRY THESE TONGUE TWISTERS

These alliterative gems were taken from
 an elocutionist's collection and will tie knots
 in the tongue of the most careful speaker.
 Try them. And try them fast to get the fun.
 A growing gleam glowing green.
 The bleak breeze blighted the bright
 broom blossoms.
 Flesh of freshly dried flying fish.
 Six thick thistle sticks.
 Two toads tried to trot to Tedbury.
 Give Grimes Jim's great gilt gig whip.
 Strict, Strong Stephen Stringer snared
 slickly six sickly silky snakes.
 She stood at the door of Mrs. Smith's fish
 sauce shop welcoming him in.

Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS

"HORSE-CARR"

A play in One Act. Characters: Pvt. Carr, U. S. A. G. H. No. 19; One Dentist, (a lieut.), patients, etc. Time: Last week. Place: Waiting hall at said U. S. A. G. H. No. 19. The stage is a long, narrow hall, with doors leading into other rooms. Two long, plain benches on each side of hall, on which are seated a number of patients. Pvt. Carr opens door. A short plump fellow with large forehead, bushy eye brows, with keen eyes tucked underneath,—aggressive in a wholesome way, "some" neck, wide trunk, etc. He seems undecided whether to step in or not—finally does. Looks around with air of believing in himself. Sits down, apart from everyone—and up nearest to door. Stares, wise-like, into space, silence reigns for some minutes. The door opens to right, and a voice is heard shouting "NEXT." Pvt. Carr stands up, 5 foot 6 inches, as white frocked Lieut. comes on stage.

Lieut.—"Buddy what's the matter with you?"

(Carr, in maidenly confusion, cannot answer).

"Have you an appointment with me, bud?"

Carr (Peers in past Lieut. hesitates, stammers)—"Ain't this the barber shop?"

Lieut.—"Nope, we'll neither shave or X-ray you. This is a dentists."

Carr—"Aw, hell, I want a shave."

(A sledge hammer salute—hasty exit—mid chorus of horse laughs).

—MAX.

Corpl. Jones (Returning from Y. M. C. A. with a pocket testament)—"Pretty neat little book the Y puts out, eh?"

Corpl. Irish—"Yeah, how much did they charge you for it?"

"Nothing."

"So they give 'em away?"

"Yeah."

'Aw H——, I swiped mine!"

First Top—"That new man must be a hell of a bad actor."

Second Top—"Yes, he's only marked 'Good' on his service record."



PATIENTS AND THEIR PETS

Sgts. Ihrke and Proctor

By S. L. P.

"Snow" said Sgt. Ihrke on the occasion of the recent flurry of the white stuff, "Why up in North Dakota, where I come from nobody would even notice it. I remember well," he continued, a big storm we had there a few years go. The snow was so deep that I had to put guards around the lightning rods so that the cattle would not hurt themselves. I did not build any fires in the front room but instead ran a pipe down the chimney so that when I milked the cows I could pour the milk into the pipe and it would run down into the cans. To give the cattle feed I just made a trap door in the barns and let them browse to their hearts content on the hay in the lofts."

"Quite a snow," reflectively answered Sgt. Proctor. "It reminds me of a little incident that occurred a few years ago in the Grand Canyon of Colorado. One morning a party of us led by a guide, one of the few real old timers who are left in the West, descended the Bright Angel trail to the roaring river below. As we reached the river the guide said, 'I set out a line here last night and I'd like to see if I had any luck.' Of course we were agreeable to the delay and we proceeded a short way up the river. He reached down and pulled in his line—on the hook there was a salmon four or five feet long." "My, what a catch," we all breathed and then to our astonishment we noticed that the guide was swearing volubly. Finally he answered our question as to what was the matter. Blankety-blank-blank. I haven't had any luck for a week and now my bait is dead, and that (pointing to the salmon) was the last minnow I had."

"You win," said Ihrke.

NOTICE

Pvts. Humphreys and Montre, famous vaudevillians and typists, are now distributing agents for THE OTEEN. These boys are hustlers. Next week they will take in washing.



Oh, ladies, why, oh why do you hover around the "Y?" I know—gray hair is attractive, but———

Miss Rheiman—"After nine-thirty it's supposed to be the finale for the day's rumpus."

A farmer in the Vicinity complains of his cow bell on one of his milkers having disappeared, glances fall upon Barracks No. 4.

Miss Bradeen—"Please cannot I suggest that you hire a valet to look after your personal belongings?"

Wanted: An orderly at all barracks to clean the apparel of those who enjoy their wee hours of recreation trailing around in the red clay—I mean mud of North Carolina. Am I right Miss D . . . , and the rest of your fair sex who are green—I mean green to this country?

Martin—"Sorry, old boy, you had to go. Some more lonesome than you, honest she is!"

What will Murphy do now? Perhaps I can suggest a new partner in the concern.

Oh, you Baron Bean and the Laurel Tea Room!

Wee Wee Marie and she is pretty too lives amongst the heart of the Blue Ridge.

But "we have traveled" yes, we have."

Leary—"We are going to mention you as postmaster for the next vacancy of same in Pittsburg."

The Employment Bureau platform seems to be gaining popularity. Nice place sure, but I suggest a more lonesome spot.

Somebody is longing for California and the production of Oliver Morosco. Also the Mason. Well, we are longing too.

Somebody gave me a tooth-pick the other evening after the party had been to the Tea room. Almost had a club sandwich, didn't I?

There may talk about Lt. Stenbuck being the Beau Brummel of Oteen, but who is there around here who has anything on Lt. Hayward and his Doug. Fairbanks smile?

HIS PRAYER

Now I lay me down to sleep,
And pray, O Lord my soul to keep;
I pray that patient thirty-one,
Won't start to rave with the setting sun.
I thank Thee that I'm on my feet,
And pray for a little more to eat.
Soon I hope to get my clothes,
And go to—God only knows,
I thank Thee for my cigarette,
And all the other good things I get.
And the nurse—Oh, how I love that nurse,
But still I'm thankful my case was no worse.
The captain, too, deserves much praise,
And the orderly surely deserves a raise.
Above all, I thank Thee that I am well,
For this influenza was certainly hell.
Only one thing more I'll ask of You,
Please give the Kaiser the influ, too.

★ ★

A young soldier was sitting on a seat in a park, and rashly spoke to a young lady without the formality of an introduction. He happened to see a fat caterpillar crawling on her lace collar, and, leaning toward her, he said:

"Madam, permit me to—"

But the young lady waved him off with an imperious and insulting gesture and said:

"How dare you speak to me without an introduction? You are certainly no gentleman, sir!"

Here the caterpillar overbalanced itself and fell on her neck.

"O, take it off! O please do take it off, somebody!" screamed the fair one.

The young man was the only "somebody" about and he said:

"I couldn't think of it, madam! I haven't been introduced to the caterpillar!"

★ ★

"Sure, Pat, an' this place is a lot healthier nowadays than it was when we wint over the big drink to strafe the Heinies, a year ago?" said a wounded member in H2.

"And how do yez make that out?" asked his buddie, from the next cot.

"Well to judge from the flowers these little ladies is showerin' on us iver five minutes, in iver ward—did yez iver know so many growed outside o' Ireland?—there can't be any funerals to use 'em up—or they wouldn't be bringin's so many to us huskies takin' the rist cure!"

★ ★

Sentry—"Halt! Who goes there?"

Soldier—"Moses."

"Advance and give the ten commandments."



HOMESICKNESS

Many of the young soldiers who are now serving at our various camps, as well as those already 'over there' have left their homes for the first time. It is not unlikely that many of them will suffer from homesickness, perhaps in an acute form. To the young soldier home sickness is a great trial, and it will take time and grit for him to overcome it.

CURE

Give the homesick soldier plenty to do. Homesickness feeds on idleness. It is most likely to disappear when the soldier is given such a quantity and variety of work as to keep both body and mind fully occupied.

★ ★

Try not become a critic or a "knocker."

★ ★

John Dodson, a colored man of Brooklyn, New York, has been appointed Superintendent of the Submarine Boat Corps at Post Newark, New Jersey.

★ ★

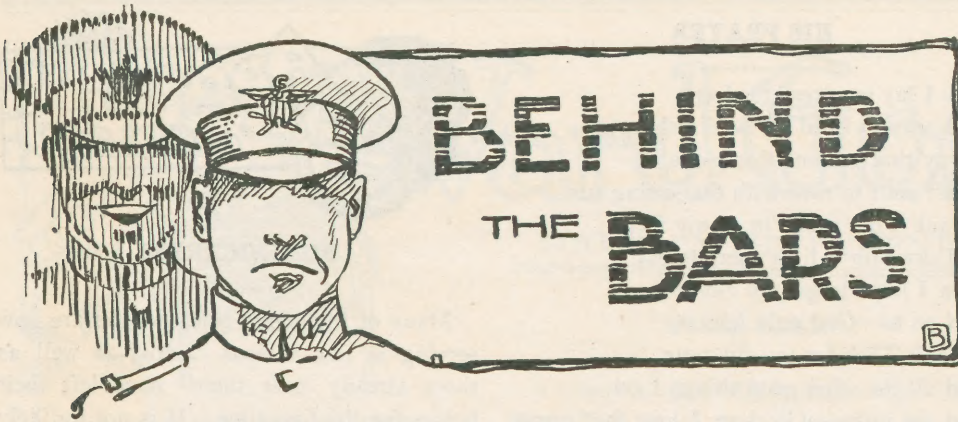
American colored troops have done their whole duty in the war. This country should not be less willing than France to give full acknowledgment of their services. If this be done then we colored Americans request "1.—That the Negroes be accorded full benefits of citizenship, political educational and industrial."

★ ★

We colored folks stand at the parting of ways, and we must take counsel. The objections to segregation and "Jim-Crowism" was in other days the fact that compelling Negroes to associate only with Negroes meant to exclude them from contact with the best culture of the day. How could we learn manners or get knowledge if the heritage of the past was locked away from us?

★ ★

Courage is a virtue that the young cannot spare; to lose it is to grow old before the time: it is better to make a thousand mistakes and suffer a thousand reverses than to run away from battle. —HENRY VAN DYKE.



Things having grown dull at Oteen during the quarantine, we have decided to present a melodrama, entitled, "The Mystery of the Stew." As Benoit would say, "For expense we care nodding," so we have procured the services of that famous writer-warrior of oriental parentage, Captain Wun Lung. Your attention is respectfully invited to the plot. If you accept the invitation you will have plenty of work during the remainder of the quarantine finding same. The plot was absolutely ruined when the string came untied from the oyster while the cook was making Murray's soup.

THE MYSTERY OF THE STEW

Time:—Noon, 1919.

Scene:—Officers Patients' Mess Hall.

Cast of Characters:—All more or less rank—some having considerable more rank than others.

Costumes designed by Mademoiselle Olive Drab. Music by Professor Soup.

CURTAIN RISES

(Enter fifty odd officers. Three or four sit down, feel slyly at their neck and, blushing, arise and hie themselves back to their room after a tie).

Opening Chorus (by entire company).—"The Thicker the Bowl the Fewer the Soup."

Captain Whitney (Arrives late, polishing his glasses with a dollar bill. Sees paper napkins).—"Where are the Linen napkins today?"

Lt. Scott—"Ask McAvoy."

Lt. Hunt (Entering in state of high excitement).—"I swar, I never had such luck in my born days."

Logee—"Eat something, you'll feel better."

Hunt—"I swar, I havn't had much appetite since I drank that hair tonic."

The Major (Blows in).—"Well, I'm leaving the first. (modestly) Have to go out to Denver and straighten them out."

Kappler—"You see Joe, the idea of this political party is——"

Crews (Joins table).—"I disagree with you."

McWilliams—"You don't even know what we're talking about."

Crews—"Don't make any difference, I disagree."

Baier — "Hey, orderly, got any more soup?"

Redwood—"Have you heard how Hammy happened to take up nursing? You see, she was born in Hoosick Falls and she heard people say Hoosick Falls so much when she was young that she determined to find out——"

Small—"Get the hook, that's a punk joke."

Hunt—"I swar."

Smith—"Hit him with a stale egg, somebody."

Major Humphrey—"Can't be done, we ate them all for breakfast."

Major McFarland—"Would you count tomato can, ash can and duck as three different words?"

McAvoy—"What's a taboo sweater?"

Crabbe—"That's one that isn't."

Smith—"Think they should let McAvoy wear one on his feet."

Baier—"Hey, orderly, got any more soup?"

Hunt—"I swar."

Major Saye—(Tapping table with fingers).—"Some of you birds will insist on writing a bridge book of your own—"Now when your partner leads a heart——"

Major McAdie — "Still playing the hand?"

(Orderly comes in with Baier's fourth bowl of soup and trips over Anheir's spurs. The soup lights in Sanitary Harvey's lap—that is, all but the missing oyster which is discovered intruding from the brush of one Charles Hughes Murray. The curtain falls upon a mad scene).

SECOND ACT NEXT WEEK.

BILL ON THE "COMEBACK"

Dere Maude:—

Here I be agin back at the old diggin' and as glad to git back as Kiser Bill wuz ter go ter Holland. Furlows is fine if they cud keep up all the time, but this havin' ter go away agin queers everything. I've bin feelin so doggoned rotten sinse I cum back that I'm afraid I'm gettin the mumps or Flue or somethin. I miss them swell home-cooked meels, the long sleep in the mornin and even sometimes I miss you when I get to feelin very blue. Well, at any rate I wuz glad ter have seen yer agin even if yer did get fat and kinder go out with some of them other fellers sometimes.

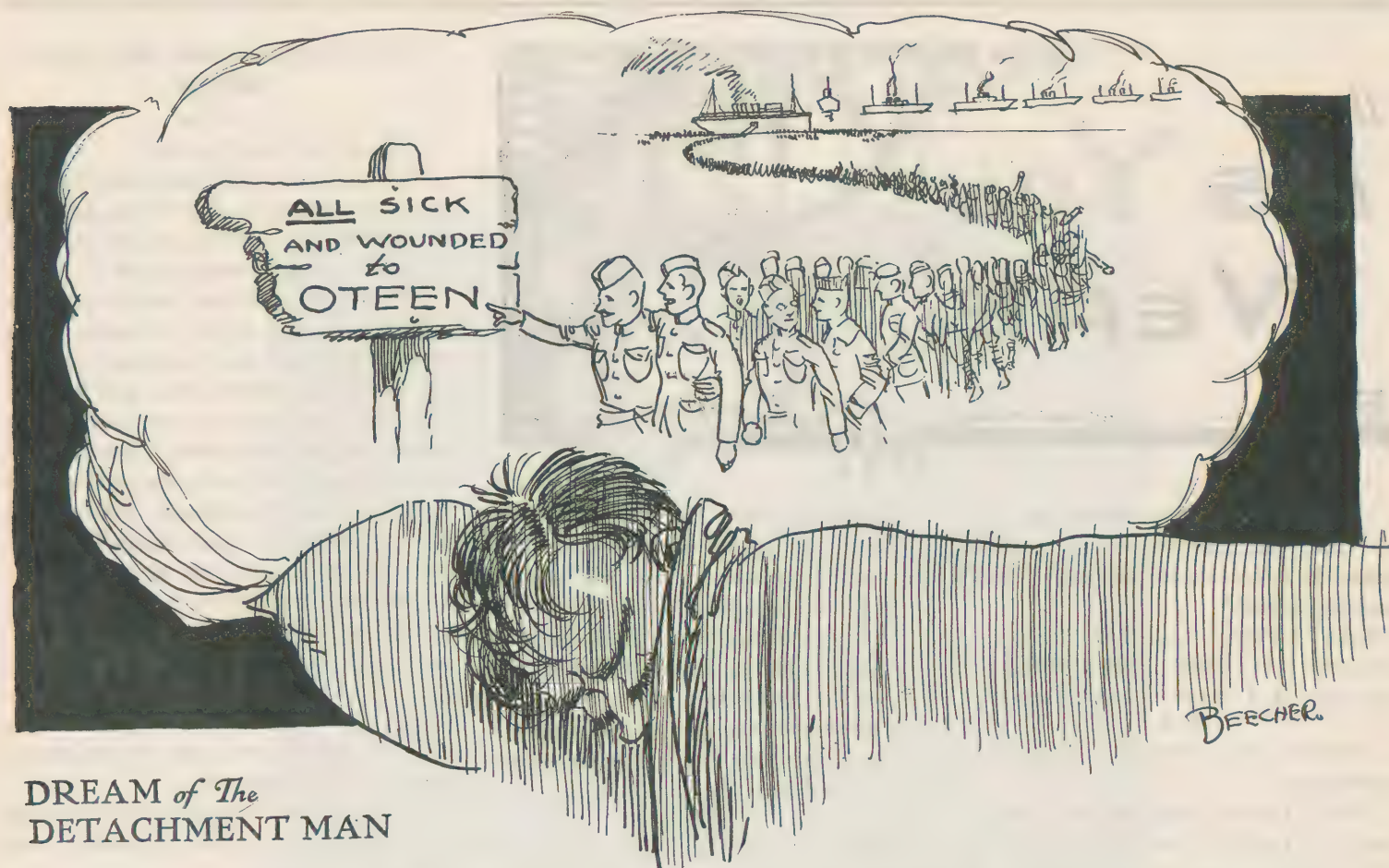
Lots of news happened sinse I've been away, and none that's any gud. Which goes ter show that nothin will run rite when a gud feller is gone. They stuck the quarantine on agin, just like before, we dast n't go ter town. The Flu is stylish agin and many of the best people have acquired it. The officers, they ain't quarantined. They kin go ter town. Officers don't ever git sick. They git indisposed. We got a bunch of noo officers sinse I've bin away, lootenants and majors and everything. One of em has bin made assistant to the lootenant what is in charge of us. Gosh but he is strict. He cums around every mornin with three months restriction to the post in his pocket and aint satisfied until he gives it all away, two weeks at a time, each two weeks to a different feller.

You'd be serprised ter no how much I wuz missed while I wuz gone. Of course they did'nt no just ware I wuz. One sargent sez, "How did yer like bein in the gard house," another guy sez, "What have yer bin doin lately, K. P.?" and won smart aleck wanted ter no if I'd bin A. W. O. L. They kept open my old job fer me. I must be mighty gud. I bet they're glad I'm back.

I must tell yer what the feller what bunks with me done. Yer nos the feller I mean, the won that eats all the cakes what you send me. Well he gets himself a Yukelayly. That's a sort of a banjo the people what live in Howareyer play. Howareyer is a island in the Pacific Ocean and judgin from the banjo I'd sooner live here in the South. He plays the blamed thing all the time and never without singin. He even plays it before goin ter bed. Kin yer imagin bein woke up in the middle of the nite by that combination; him and the yuk.

disregardfully BILL

P. S. The case I sent marked "drugs" never got here.



DREAM of The DETACHMENT MAN

LOCAL VAUDEVILLE FAVORITES HELP CARRY WOUNDED

This is the story of "Me and Mickey" on the battlefield of France. "Me and Micky," otherwise Mr. James Fallon and Mr. Russell Brown, funny man and dancer, are well known on various big time vaudeville circuits in America. But there is a little story of one of their exploits with New York's volunteer division, the 27th, in one of the last goes with Fritz in the region of St. Souplet. It reached OTEEN last week in a letter from Leslie W. Rowland, of the 27th, to a member of the Camp, written November 11, the day the fighting ended.

"It was past the zero hour," says Rowland's letter, "and our batteries were hurling everything they possessed into the German lines.

"I was back in an advanced dressing station with a chum who had been nipped at the outset of the scrap. I was preparing to return to the lines when two crouched figures, carrying another stretcher, pushed into the medical station and carefully laid their suffering comrade upon the ground. The fatigued stretcher-bearers straightened their backs, glanced about the crowded dugout and recognized me.

"Jimmy Fallon, the funniest man in the 28th Division, didn't look much like the Harvey Brooks I had seen in the team of Brooks and Oakley on the Keith Circuit. And Russell Brown was certainly not the dapper dancer I had seen in the team of Brown and Wheeler.

"Looks like a tough go," said Jimmy.

"These poor devils are out of this hell, anyhow," was Brown's comment.

"It was the fifth trip with wounded these vaudevillians had made back to the dressing stations since the opening of the push. And their task was by no means ended. There were scores more to be located in shell holes and trenches on that black, bloody battlefield and carried back to the dressing station. And Fallon and Brown were just the fellows who were going to do it.

"Nearly exhausted with parched throats and empty stomachs, smeared with blood and grime, helmets at jaunty angles on their tired heads—that's a sketch of those boys that night.

"They had volunteered for stretcher bearing detail. Being members of the theatrical unit of the division, they were privileged to remain in the back area during a fight. But the day before that St. Souplet stunt Brown and Fallon asked their commanding officer, Lieutenant William A. Halloran, Jr., direc-

tor of the theatrical troupe, if they could act as stretcher bearers when the division went over the top.

"Brown and Fallon, in their skit, 'Me and Micky,' have entertained New York's division since it has been in the field.

"A few days after the St. Souplet stunt, in which the division covered itself with glory, I saw Fallon in a half wrecked village not far from Amiens. He was sitting on a log with a little French child on his knee.

"'Guess la guerre will be finie toot sweet, young fella,' Jimmy was saying. And when la guerre is finie I am going back to l'Amérique, and if any of those theatrical managers will give me a job I'll go on the stage. This O.D. circuit is good, but I know others that are better."

OH, TIME IN THY FLIGHT

'Twas the night before Pay Day, and all thru my jeans

I hunted in vain for the price of some beans. Not a quarter was stirring, not even a Jit; The Kale was off duty, milled edges had quit.

Forward, turn forward, Oh Time in thy flight—

Make it tomorrow, just for tonight!



Motorist (Blocked by a load of hay)—“I say, there, pull out and let me by. You seemed in a hurry to let that other fellow’s carriage get past.”

Farmer—“That’s ’cause his horse wuz eatin’ my hay. There hain’t no danger o’ yew eatin’ it, I reckon.” *Boston Transcript.*

“What are your views on the subject of prohibition?”

“Well,” replied Uncle Bill Bottletop, “if you could regulate rum so as to limit the combination to good men and good licker there mightn’t be so much damage. But somehow the bad men and the bad licker always get together and spoil any little decent reputation alcohol ever did have.”—*Washington Star.*

Two cockneys were passing a Dublin butcher’s shop the other day when, seeing the owner standing at the door, they decided on a laugh at his expense.

“Well, old boy,” said one, “according to your notice on the window you have cuts to suit all purses.”

“An sure, so I have,” replied the butcher.

“Well, then what sort of a cut can you give me for an empty purse?” he was asked.

“A cowl’d shouldher, of course.”—*Chicago News*

“Want to buy a mule, Sam?”

“What ails de mule?”

“Nothing.”

“Then what are you sellin’ him fo’?”

“Nothing.”

“I’ll take him.”—*Boston Transcript.*

“Before we were married,” she complained, “you always engaged a cab when you took me anywhere. Now you think the street-car is good enough for me.”

“No, my darling, I don’t think the street-car is good enough for you; it’s because I’m so proud of you. In a cab you would be seen by nobody, while I can show you off to so many people by taking you in a street-car.”—*Tit-Bits.*

Judge—“It seems to me that I’ve seen you before.”

Prisoner—“You have, your honor. I used to give your daughter piano lessons.”

Judge—“Twenty years!”

“Mr. Beats,” the grocer said wearily, “I ask you for the last time, will you pay that \$20 you owe me?”

“For the last time?” Beats replied cheerfully. “I’m glad to hear you say that, old man. You know, I was getting awfully tired of hearing you ask that foolish question!”

An Irish farmer waking up in the night, saw an apparition at the foot of the bed. He reached out for his gun and perforated the ghost with a bullet. In the morning he discovered that he had made a target of his own shirt.

“What did you do then?” inquired the friend whom he told the story.

“I knelt down and thanked God that I hadn’t been inside of it,” said the farmer piously.—*Youth’s Companion.*

ANOTHER CASE FOR THE VIGILANTES

To the Guy wot rites the oteen

We bin spendin a jit fur a long Time on yure paper but, if you Ever do me durt agen lik yu dun Last saturday, yu kan tak yure old paper and goe plump to hell.

i May not be eddicated veri hi as i Only stade too terms at schole in arazonny but, i kin red plane inglish in yure paper you had a Long ad frum Baron Benes and it sed if awl them fifty-cent peces are burnin yure pockits you kin spend them at Baron Benes where wimmen and gents cain git Ham and egg wit french Fried taters, chikken and koffy wit creme pi, kake, smokes, chewin gum shoes fixed and a hole lot of more stuf.

i Only had twenty cents so i borried thirty cents from Bill Martin and i went thare. now i wasn’t going, to be no hog so i Only had ham And eggs, french taters, chikken dinner, appul pi, a kup of koffy wit creme, a Pac of camuls and a pac of gum, and a pece of chewin terbakkere.

Put on my Kote and wus reddy to go and so i thru my fore bits on the kownter, and started fur the door.

“hay you fello,” the guy hollers, “kum acrost wit the bene and too bits.”

“Wot,” sez i, “i pade jest wotyur ad sez in the oteen.”

“did yu,” sez he reale huffy, well yu kum acrost witt that munney.”

Now honest that four bits wuz all the munney i had fur yu see i Made a little bizness dele after pay day but the dice all-waze wur seven when i tried to mak a poynt and i had Bin broke sinz.

the guy and i chued the rag but he wur bigger than me so i Left my kote and kame Back and borried the buck and too bits and i got my kote bac agen.

Now wot i wants to no—is yer goin to holde ter thet motter—“We stand in bak of our advertizers” If yer do—ye’r thieves—er yer got a hell of a pore man at statin the truth who rites junk like that. If yer don’t stand in bak of me an pay me bak thet munney yu bunkowed me outer—i am comin down and blow the Baron to ’ell and met yu on the way bak.

R (Ruffnek) Jones

Whispered into the ear of an American in France by his French friend: “We don’t like the English very much, for when they come over here they strut around like they owned the place, but you Americans walk around like you don’t give a darn who owns it.”





1ST. LIEUT. W. L. WHITE, S.C., U S.A.
DETACHMENT COMMANDER, REGISTRAR AND PERSONNEL ADJUTANT



The proverbial Balaam's Ass which brayed at his own reflection is no more ridiculous than the fellow who complains of the monotony of army life. Certainly at this Post there is no cause for such complaint. Yet we hear such lamenting constantly. We are inclined to believe it is their own reflection which is provoking them. They are too indifferent to their surroundings and to the activities which are constantly fermenting about them. We wonder if they have heard of the band, jazz band and orchestra which are being organized; of the basketball team, of the minstrel show which is now in preparation. Can it be possible that they do not know that we have a camp library or that pool tables are always at their disposal? Don't they enjoy moving pictures? Have they attended our dances in the past?—Get wise to yourself man, look about you; fun is only what you make it and if you cannot make every evening enjoyable as well as profitable blame yourself. Its up to you, so don't be an Ass.

★ ★

Silver chevrons, gold chevrons! Who may wear how many? We refer directly to the remarks of W. S. L. and Corporals H. and J. P. O. in recent issues. Not to further argument, but to defend our own viewpoint we take issue with the above soldiers. First, let us say every reservist enlisted. He enlisted for immediate service and held himself in readiness to go at any time. The Government chose to call him later, that he could not help nor forsee. He drilled under his own officers nightly. He took his oath of enlistment, not on the day his number was selected, and in fact he still will be a soldier in reserve, years after absolute discharges have been granted to the others. Our belief is unqualified that the man who enlisted in the reserve is a soldier from the day of his enlistment.

The Observer

THE LAMENT OF THE FORESTRY ENGINEERS

Say!

You know it's a damn long war?
We got two service stripes and all that,
But they don't make the grub
Any better, Mostly it's
Slum, and beans, and salmon.
God! How I hate that fish.
We've been down here in the wilderness
For a whole year,
Making slabs and sawdust
Sometime boards
Out of logs.
We've worked all day and fought
Fire all night. That's all the
Fighting we've seen—and we had
Beaucoup of that.
But what I mean,
We have cut some lumber—
Yeah, and we've had
Generals and other ginks
Come down and give us
The Once Over.

The dear General,
He said our stables weren't so
Sanitary as he liked. And he wanted to
Know what slum was. A Colonel said
We were roses born to blush unseen.
We don't get no medals
But we work like hell.
We had a lot of brand new lieuts,
For skippers. We taught
Them how to saw-mill; and one
Wept because we didn't bow down before
Him and give thanks
Because he bought us cabbages and
Tomatoes out of our own mess fund.
Say! Ain't this man's Army

A queer proposition?
But at that we've had a heap of fun
And lapped up our share of
This foolish French booze—
Lord! but I wish I had one bottle
Of real American beer.

Say, guy—
What would you give to see

That big old Statue
There in the bay
And all them high buildings
Shining white in the sun?
And to slap your old feet
Down on the same Broadway
We used to know?

Gee, guy
That would be hard to take,
Damn the Germans anyway.

—PVT. RICHARD W. BATTEN.
A. E. F., Engrs. (Forestry).



Some weeks ago the C. O. at Oteen called the local Representative of the War and Navy Departments Commission on Training camp activities and asked him to see that local conditions were improved, etc. and to arrange to have this section placed in the "military zone." We are glad to be able to report that both requests have been carried out. The fine work of the Asheville police department and the assistance of the clean out platoon of M. P.s have made a wonderful improvement in the vice and liquor conditions and will soon make Asheville a model city in this respect as it is in so many other ways.

— ★ —

The improvements and enlargements at the Red Circle Hotel and Club are now completed and we will be able to take care of any crowd that we are likely to have at either place. We are now ready to arrange for dancing parties at the club as well as at the hotel. We can also manage a banquet as large as two hundred plates.

— ★ —

Many of the artistically inclined or rather endowed have expressed approval of the green and gold color scheme at the Club.

— ★ —

Among the decorative improvements at the Club are the seven flags of the Allies. These add a most patriotic and military touch and contribute largely to the beauty of the handsome interior.

— ★ —

Miss Ione Smith, one of the most attractive young society ladies of Asheville, and one who has been well known to the Red Circle patrons for some time will assume the duties recently discharged by Miss Mason, who returned to New York last week.

Miss Smith will be assistant manager of the Club canteen.



'T WAS EVER THUS.

Washington, Jan. 26th.—American soldiers returning home after the war will be required to pass through government "de-lousing stations" for the removal of trench and body vermin. Forty-five of these plants, the War Department announced will be erected under the supervision of the Surgeon General at the cost of over a million dollars.

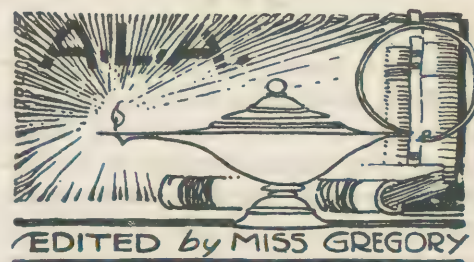
So, it's good bye, our little friend. Our country has decreed that you shall not become an officially recognized American citizen. We will always remember how you kept company with us in the trenches, and some of you got way over here with us., and when we were cold, how you kept us warm. We will think of the many times you did "squads right" and "squads left" across our manly bosoms. Your constant friendship will long be cherished, and but the fates of war have decreed that we must part. Good-bye little friend, goodbye. You have stuck to us like a brother.

★ ★
THAT BONUS

Many are asking what the rumor is about \$100 in actual money accompanying a discharge from this man's army. But it isn't a rumor, as Representative Fuller of Illinois, in a recently introduced bill in the House, asked what would be a more sensible thing than to give each honorably discharged soldier one month's extra pay and a bonus of \$100.00 besides. Mr. Fuller contends it has been always the time honored custom to hand an extra week's pay to the employe who is let out rather suddenly—whether being led out or pushed. He says that the bonus system is in order in all well conducted business houses at the present time, and if the United States army isn't a well conducted business institution, what is? The text of the bill provides:

"That every man who shall have served in the army, navy or marine corps during the European war and who has been, or hereafter may be honorably discharged from such service, there shall be paid in addition to his regular pay, compensation or allowance, the sum of \$100 and one month's additional pay, from the date of his discharge."

If Mr. Fuller needs moral and physical support in pushing this sort of thing through the Senate, he has three million employees of this largest of large institutions to work and shout with him.



PARLEZ VOUS FRANCAIS?

President Wilson is the subject of a recent biography in French, reviewed in the current number of "Life" by Agnes Repplier. The writer is Daniel Halevy, and according to the review he has been very successful. At the moment of the President's visit to France this French study of his life and character is especially noteworthy.

★ ★

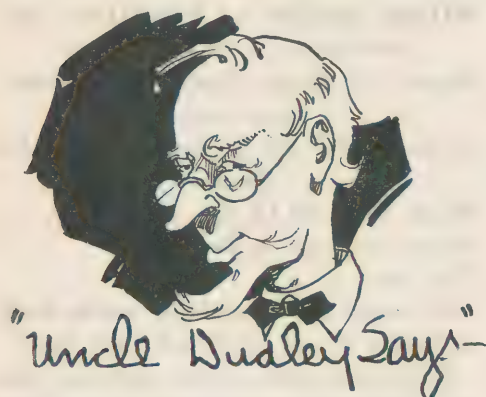
"Le President Wilson" is one of a consignment of French and Italian books added to the library the past week. Besides the considerable number of patients of French and Italian origin, there are many others in the hospital who read one or both of these languages, and who will now be able to enjoy books from the best of French and Italian literature. For the increasing number of men who wish to take up or continue French, there are several excellent textbooks, grammars, and reading books.

★ ★

The modern Italian writer who seems to appeal most to the English and American readers is Antonio Fogazzaro. In this country he is known chiefly by "The Saint," but in Italy the first of the series, "Piccolo Mondo Antico" is probably the most popular, while "Daniel Cortes" is considered his masterpiece. Both of these are political works, dealing with the period of the "Risorgimenti," the latter with the Italian political life of the years just following.

★ ★

Matilda Lera is perhaps more highly esteemed both in Italy and outside than any other woman novelist of our day. This Neapolitan newspaperwoman knows the life of the south of Italy and paints it as almost no one else has been able to do, with the result that she is tremendously popular at home, and read by outsiders who want to know the Italian people as they really are. She is on our list, and we call attention especially to "Parla mia donna," a woman's diary of the war.



"By gum, there iz shore a-goin' t' be a heap o' weepin' en wailin' en gnashin' o' teeth in this here kentry when sum o' there here gals what got so gol-durned romantik en married sum 'Hero in O. D.' what she hed known but a leetle while, when they see them self-same 'Heroes' for th' fiust time drolled up in *their Civies*. Oh Boy!

★ ★

"Sum things iz shore puzzlin' t' yer ole Unckle Dudley. Frinstance, th' tother day I wuz down t' town en hed t' go down t' th' deepo en while I wuz there, I tuck a walk up th' street en there I saw a place where a bunch o' officers en ladies wuz a havin' a bang-up, gee-wallopin', A-number-1 party, en they shore wuz havin' a good time. Wall, th' sight sorter warmed yer Ole Unckle's heart en he stuck aroun'. Wall, purty soon there wuz a feller kum along en he sez, sez he, 'this here dance hez got t' bust up 'cause th' Helth Officer sez ez t' how it iz dangerous durin' this here eppydemick.' By gum, thet iz shore a good idee, sez I. En I went up town feelin' sorter warm fer thet there Helth Officer office. Wall, up town I see a place where there wuz a lot o' musick inside en a hull lot o' people wuz a-goin' inside. Wall, havin' nuthin pertickler t' do, yer Ole Unckle paid hiz bit en went in too. By heck, there wuz most nigh a thousand people jammed int' a place thet ought t' hev held about seven hundred, en there wuz practickly no ventillashun, en th' air wuz plumb full o' bugs en jurms o' all sorts. Well, ye kin jest bet yer Ole Unckle didnt hang around them there diggins eny too long, en after he got out in th' street, he sorter hung around t' see th' feller kum along en bust up thet crowd, beins ez it wuz so dad blamed onhealthy, but nary a feller kum. Yep, sum things air shore plumb amazin' en most durned puzzlin' t' yer Ole Unckle."

D. S. C.

In awarding Distinguished Service Medals, on January 18, 1919, to a number of officers whose service had been during the war necessary within the United States, among them Surgeon General M. W. Ireland, Secretary of War Baker made remarks complimentary to all of those including personnels of hospitals on this side, whose duty held them in America.

"The spirit of service, its quality of devotion and its success are the things that make up the contribution of the giver rather than the particular place or form which the individual activities were permitted to take * * * The number who can wear this medal will be relatively small, but I hope the existence of the medal and the fact that it is worn will be a constant reminder to our people everywhere not only that a few are found to wear it, but that it was possible to recognize you as exemplars of types of men who in the highest degree exhibited the spirit which was common throughout the entire country."

★ ★

GENERAL ORDER

The following order of the Secretary of War is published to the Army for the information and guidance of all concerned:

"Through hearty co-operation and discipline of the officers and men of the Army, the country has acquired a new respect for the uniform. You men have maintained your high standards, not only by soldierly conduct in the camp and bravery in the trenches, but in your regard for civilian ideals when on leave or furlough, and in this you have established a record new to all armies. I confidently expect you to maintain your standards throughout the trying days of demobilization when the tendency to throw off army discipline and restraints will be strong. I am counting on you by your own acts and by your influence to keep up the record of which you and I and our whole country are so proud."

★ ★

A prisoner of Jewish persuasion was up before a justice of the peace. His honor questioned him as follows:

Q.—"What's your name?"

A.—"Ikey Cohen."

Q.—"How old?"

A.—"Thirty-vun."

Q.—"Married or single?"

A.—"Married."

Q.—"Any children?"

A.—"Sure, eight."

Q.—"Business?"

A.—"Rotten."

HINTS TO OUR HELPERS

Sgt. Black—"Do a little more work and less shouting!"

Rusty Radford—"You are losing your one best bet—get another?"

Sgt. Jim—"Smile, damn you, smile!"

Buck Freeman—"Get that discharge, there's a job waiting for you in Barnum and Bailey's."

Red Heyman—"Sweep, that room, Red, or you'll be on Post for life."

"Rushin" Bartels—"Keeping blowing, kid, you'll make that band or bust."

Dumont—"Keep those files in order, or Dumont will be shoveling coal."

Gormley—"See that your blankets are folded and let the blankets across the hall alone."

Detachment Men—"Use those showers and there will be less mumps!"

Potash, Perlmutter and Prees—"A little better service there, Old Tops!"

Paddy Donovan—"Lemonade! Shoot the Cat! And forget the other stuff."

"Hey there, Kellogg; Are you competing with the Ritz? Coffee is a dime there, too!"

Newell—"Keep off the Border, old man?" —El.

★ ★

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

(Overheard in the rain last night on the Main Road):

"Lo, Bill, howaryah?"

"O.K. Where you gawn? Whaddeyah ratin?"

"1st Cl. and cakes. Where you gawn?"

"See top kicker—and B him fer a squeeze out. Where you gawn."

"O. D."

"What for?"

"A. W. O. L."

"Gee, you're S. O. L."

"What do y'ya s'pose are my chances for a S. C. D.?"

"50-50."

"Guess I'm lucky it ain't a G. C. M."

"Hell, yes!"

"G'by."



A NIGHT AT THE Y. M. C. A. MOVIES

WILSON, BAKER and PERSHING, INC.

Specialists in the Manufacture of

Second Lieutenants, Sanitary and Other-wise Corps

Capital 800,000,000 Surplus 2,350,000 Men

January 26th, 1919.

Mr. A. Kahn, 1st Cl. Sgt., U. S. Army,
General Inspector of the "Oteens."

This Post.

We regret very much being unable to fill your order for one set of 2nd Lieut. bars.

Our entire stock of this particular item was distributed among several of the Enlisted Men now serving in our Noble Overseas Forces.

We have, however, a large quantity of Sergeant's and Sergeant's First Class chevrons on hand to supply emergency requisitions, which we anticipated as a result of the wanton destruction, due to the expected receiving of the new issue Gold Bars.

Thanking you for your past patronage and hoping to be favored with your future orders, we are,

Very sincerely yours,

BILL LANNING,

Q. M. Sergeant,

Main Warehouse.

For and in the absence of
one of Higher Authority.

LAMENTATIONS OF THE WHEEL CHAIR

By ANICE LOVEALL

As I sauntered thru the ward

At the close of a busy day,

I paused a moment and this I heard

The wheel chair softly say:

"Well some may think that I am glad

I have no work to do;

But I wonder how they think they'd feel

If they were useless too.

Oh, I have toiled from morn till night

And often not stopped then,

Knowing the greatest work we do

Is to serve our fellow men.

I have carried patients from ward to ward

—Some heavy—others—light;

And all things that I have seen

Would make your hair turn white.

Oftentimes I've gone on trips,

X-rays to have taken;

And thru the ward from end to end

Soon as the boys awaken.

But I've lost my tires and lost my paint

My usefulness is o'er,

With regret I take my "S. C. D."

To serve the world no more."

"BEAMINGS OF RUSH"

A careful census of the Army — made from interviews from soldiers—convinces us that on November 11 there were about 2,500,000 soldiers ready to embark that day; and consideration of other figures shows us that on November 11 no fewer than 35,000,000 civilians were about to be commissioned.

— ★ —

Falling off the New Year wagon in Asheville is a little harder this year than formerly, with all the gin chapels closed, and everything. And next year * * * gosh, we dread to think about it!

— ★ —

And is a lady Bolshevik a Bolshevixen,

— ★ —

A lot of folk who married in haste are going to learn during peace why the ceremony was called a War Wedding.

— ★ —

North Carolina has gone dry and the intergubernatorial colluquy achieves a new significance.

— ★ —

Listened in at a recent New Year's dinner on the Post, the Toastmaster said: "We welcome you all and trust that when you leave you will carry away only the happiest recollections."

— ★ —

"The Grandmother of the Russian Revolution" is on her way here. Let's hope she left her grandchildren at home.

— ★ —

A giggle is not easily elicited from us these days, but we do get a slight cachinnation when we read of half-price sales on uniforms and trench boots.

— ★ —

Mr. Wilson "rose to see the Alps," which presumably had stayed up all night just to welcome him.

— ★ —

Why not sentence old Bill Hohenzollern to be King of Ireland?

★ ★

ATTENTION, NEW YORKERS

Suggestion to the "Cheer Leaders" of our returning soldiers:

"Three cheers for the Statue of Liberty!"

"Three tears for Mayor Hylan!"

"Three sneers for William Randolph Hearst!"

"Three beers for Arthur Brisbane!" *Kreuger.*

ARTHUR M. FIELD CO.

JEWELERS

*Designers and Manufacturers
North Carolina Gems a Specialty*

PATTON AVE. & CHURCH ST.

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THE BIGGEST, BUSIEST, BEST, AND MOST POPULAR PLACE TO
MEEET YOUR FRIENDS IN THE CITY

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BROCK & HAGE

PORTRAITS

PORTRAITS IN WATER
COLORS AND SEPIA
MINIATURES ON IVORY
AND PORCELAIN



DAGUERREOTYPES AND
OTHER OLD PICTURES
REPRODUCED, ENLARGED
OR REDUCED

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

The Asheville Times

EVERY AFTERNOON EXCEPT SUNDAY
AND EVERY SUNDAY MORNING

*Associated Press News Service
Leased Wire*

THE NEWSPAPER THAT SERVES THE PEOPLE

FIFTEEN CENTS THE WEEK

FIVE CENTS THE COPY

GOOD EATS AT THE CRYSTAL CAFE

Number 1	32 Patton Avenue
Number 2	56 Patton Avenue
Number 3	16 N. Pack Square

HAVE YOU BEEN THERE?

The Orange Star



To Town, cars leave Post No. 1 at 7:30 and 8:30 a.m. Then every 30 minutes till 8:00 p.m. and at 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 and 12:00 at night.
From Town, cars leave Pack Square at 7:00 and 8:00 a.m. Then every 30 minutes till 7:30 p.m. and at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, and 11:30 p.m.
Extra cars during Rush Hours.

*Tickets on Sale to Hospital people at the
Post Exchange*

ORANGE STAR AUTO LINE, INC.

SOUTH PACK SQUARE

TELEPHONE 53

382 "MEDICS" CITED

Washington, D. C., Jan. 25th.—Skeptics have been busy during the past war when it came to talking about the fighting done by the Medical Department. It would seem from the accounts given by some people that the "medics" don't do much of anything during time of battle except lie around and fix up homeopathic doses of nux vomica for the wounded boys who come back. As a matter of cold hard facts, the Medical Department does as much hard, bloody and nerve-racking work during a fight as anyone, and not only do they work while others are working, but their work continues on and on when the rest are resting and taking with sighs of satisfaction the oodles of praise and sympathy that every one is heaping on them.

This article is not intended to sing the praises of the Medical Department nor to heap eonomies of praise on their shoulders which may already be a trifle sore from carrying litters. It is merely a statement of facts, statistics, if you will, showing that citations for bravery among the enlisted personnel of the Medical Department during the past war were numerous and deserving, and that some of the things done by the "medics" who are not even given a gun with which to fight back, were as worthy of praise as any acts of bravery performed.

No authoritative list has ever been published of citations of bravery received by the enlisted men of the Medical Department. At various times Medical Department men would be mentioned along with others, but a complete list of the names received has only recently been compiled and placed on file in the office of the Surgeon General. This list gives the name, rank and organization of every enlisted Medical Department man who was cited by his company or division commander to receive any honor whatsoever. In addition several entire companies of ambulance men were cited for bravery.

The list shows that 382 "medics" were cited.

The bravery of the ambulance driver, of the ambulance attendant, or of the base, evacuation or field hospital enlisted man or officer, is a different kind of bravery from that of the line soldier. While the infantryman is advancing over the top along with his comrades, with the lust of battle hot within him and the excitement kept at fever heat by the surroundings, he clutches his gun more tightly than ever and resolves to run the enemy through at first chance. And

★ ★

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NEED OF THE SERVICES OF A GOOD BANK

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PATTON AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

FRESH CANDY

IS ALWAYS ASSURED AT THE CANDY KITCHEN, BECAUSE WE
MAKE OUR CANDY DAILY. EXCELLENT MEALS
SERVED A LA CARTE.

CANDY KITCHEN

HAYWOOD STREET

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

At the Post Exchange You Get

"CAROLINA SPECIAL"

"The Ice Cream Supreme"



**CAROLINA
CREAMERY
COMPANY**

Superior Milk Products

FABLES BY SARDIS

(With Apologies to Aesop).

Once upon a time there was a soldier at the government hospital. His health had become very good and he was due for a discharge on a certain date. A few days before that time he went to town on a pass and got in a mixup with the civil authorities so that he spent the night in jail. He returned to camp the next day and was sent to the guard-house. He was still in the guard-house when the date for the discharge arrived but his name had been taken off the list. He stayed six months longer in the hospital continually cursing his hard luck.

Moral: In the army as in civil life, it pays to do what is right, wrong-doing will bring an equal reward.

★ ★

The attitude that some men have towards their everyday worries reminds one of the story of the two frogs that fell into a bowl of cream. One of them bemoaned his fate and, after conjuring up all the awful things that were going to happen to him—"Glub-b-blub-b-bubble!"—sank to the bottom, and was drowned. The other did the only thing that appeared to be possible under the circumstances—hind-legged it round and round the bowl as fast as he could. He was up against it hard. There was only one thing to do, so he got to it. Better to be a live trawler than a dead submarine. He actually found he could navigate faster if tried to forget about his ill fate. Every time he felt like issuing a new communique of despair, he went to swimming 'on the double,' until he was too fagged to despond. In the morning he was found to be cheerfully sitting on a piece of butter—"Chugarum! Chugarum! Chugarum!"

You know the moral.

★ ★

There was another patient at the army hospital who was in fine condition and nearly ready to be discharged. Daily (with or without a pass) he went to town and gradually lost some of his fine condition. One night he came back with a raging fever and was sent back to the infirmary ward where he lay sick for months.

Moral: There is no hope for a persistent damn fool.

★ ★

THE CRIPPLED CAMEL

The camel is the beast, I think,
That goes a week without a drink,
But still he's always in the dumps
Because his backbone has the mumps.

LEGS AND LEGGINGS

A perfect fitting legging is a subject well deserving the space of this publication. It ranks with the important attributes of man. It brings to our mind the old promantic days at the court of Charles the Something, the days of the handsome, shiny, silk stocking pulled without a wrinkle over a great curvy calf, cavalierly and swash-bucklery. The sort of leg that knelt before the fairest of them all, adoring, trembling, wildly, pulsing. The sort of leg that stamped crashing defiance to a rascally upstart rival. The sort of leg that in itself was an imperial decree, bidding man live or die.

— ★ —

That sort of leg certainly deserves a covering of perfect fit. Now, the calf of the leg is placed where you can't very easily see it—behind you and quite a long distance down from your eyes. So it is quite natural, since it is your calf, that you have come to think rather well of it. You have patted it or scratched it; you have felt it to be quite firm and round and, having seen a good many pictures of Washington and Adams and others with calves that can plead or defy or kneel in rapture, you have come to feel that there were a pair like them below your own knees. And of course you don't care to disfigure them with the first pair of leggings handed you by the Q. M.

— ★ —

Quite right. A man's legs are far more indicative of his worth than we generally care to acknowledge when we consider their oppositeness to his head. When we drill, for example, it is the legs that get most attention. When reports came from the A. F. F., there wasn't much about the "thinking" or the "saying" that was done over there, but a good deal about the "advancing" and "retreating." And in ordinary life don't we speak of him who is achieving greatness as "gaining foothold," and of him who has overcome misfortune as being "on his legs again," and of him who is about to succumb as standing "on his last leg?" In vino veritas. (There is a lot of truth in cocktails.) When a man has celebrated New Year's day not wisely but too well, it is his legs that are mostly affected.

MORAL: "Put your best foot forward." By all means tug at the lace of your legging until the curve of your calf is clearly set off. Wind the spiral tight and even, to get that sprightly and sporty effect. Here, hand me the brush: there's mud on my legging; my character is at stake! Orderly, an extra polish on my puttees today!—*The Open Window.*

The Haywood Grill

MARIAN A. PUTNAM

ALL THE BEST THINGS TO EAT AT REASONABLE PRICES.
OYSTERS SERVED IN ANY STYLE. OPEN SEVEN DAYS
IN THE WEEK FROM 8:30 A.M. TO 8:00 P.M.

33 HAYWOOD ST.

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ASHEVILLE, N. C.

NEW UNIFORMS FOR OLD

Bring us that old spotted uniform or the one which needs altering. We'll clean it so that it will look like new or we'll alter it to fit you as it should. Bring us that hat which needs cleaning and blocking. Satisfaction guaranteed, because our work is done by the most approved methods. *Nurses*—Let us clean or alter your clothes.

Asheville French Dry Cleaning Co.

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THE AZALEA HOSPITAL BUYS ALL OF
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What an endorsement for Quality this is!

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THE ASHEVILLE BOOTERY, Inc.

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We are showing the Largest Line of RUGS shown
in the State. All sizes.

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15 AND 17 BROADWAY

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HOT WATER

IS YOURS FOR THE WISHING, IF YOU HAVE A

GAS WATER HEATER

Turning the faucet lights the gas. The water heats in a very few minutes, to any temperature, by passing through the coils, which are attached directly to the tank.

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Efficient and Prompt
Phone Service to any
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Bon Marche
Asheville's Best Department
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MUSIC

It was with pleasure that the orchestra, which has been rehearsing faithfully for several weeks now, was able to make its first appearance on January 23. Acceptable music was furnished for dancing for the party at the Nurses Red Cross House. This week Thursday we play at the large Red Cross Building and as soon as the quarantine is lifted we will be able to give a hand at the parties given by the K. of C. for the Detachment. The pleasure and satisfaction of doing this is more than a little. The grind of rehearsing is producing results and the added life and enthusiasm, which the work already done, has produced, is noticeable everywhere about the Hospital.

The vital question about the camp, every day now is, what is the band doing, and when is it going to make its first appearance? As this week's OTEEN goes to press, we have set the date at February 1st. It may be necessary to postpone it a few days, but we assure you it will not be long. Rehearsals are being held every day from 1 to 2 P. M. under Corp. Aanestad's leadership. A good idea of the enthusiasm and willingness with which the men are practicing, is shown by the fact that they immediately decided, on Corp. Aanestad's suggestion, that they would also rehearse in the evening. This second voluntary rehearsal is being held every day from 6 to 7 P. M. The first march taken up and the first one that will be played is one of R. B. Hall's, the "W. M. B. March." It was dedicated by the composer, to the Waterville Military Band. Most fitting and appropriate words were immediately applied by one of our men and the W. M. B. March was at once dubbed "We Mean Business." The keynote, the Chief Aim of our band is right in these words. Absorb a little of the same spirit, and pass it along to the next man and it will not be necessary to play in the band, in order for each man to show his calibre.

The past week has seen the beginning of another musical organization made of mandolins, guitars, violin, trap-drum and piano. A sexaphone will be added later and possibly banjos. If you want some real fun see Sergt. Maj. Gormley about a chance to play in a real Jazz Band.

Did you know that a splendid march is already being written for us and dedicated to General Hospital No. 19, by one of our friends? The band is going to play it and we will have arrangements for our pianos as well.

Lt. C.

KITCHENER

—predicted that it would require at least three years to win the war, because he insisted on looking facts in the face.

Q How long would it require for you to win success in Life, on the basis of a fair income and your present habits of Thrift?

CENTRAL BANK & TRUST COMPANY
SOUTH PACK SQUARE

EDWIN C. JARRETT

WE CARRY ONE OF THE MOST COMPLETE STOCKS OF VEGETABLES, FRUITS AND FANCY GROCERIES ON THIS SECTION. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.



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ARMY SHOES

TAN RUSS. CALF SHOES, MUNSON LAST.....\$ 7.00
CARDOVAN DRESS SHOES.....\$12.00

ANTHONY BROTHERS

"Home of Hart Schaffner and Marx Clothes"

PATTON AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

OH, YOU PAPA!

"T. B," according to his own confession, is Irish. Therefore he is subject to great heights and great depths, or as he puts it, "When I'm happy I'm happy; but when I get the blue devils, I get 'em something fierce."

This was one of the fierce days. T. B. was comfortably submerged. Not a smile not a gleam shone from his face. I questioned him:

"What's the matter, T. B.; any bad news?"

"O, I've just got 'em this morning. All them good resolutions I told you about the other day are off. Don't talk to me. I don't want to be reconstructed. What's the use? Go on away and let me be."

It was useless to make a frontal attack in the face of such a fire. I went on about my usual work and waited for T. B. to come out of it. Just then the postman came; the usual scramble for letters occurred and the ensuing silence settled upon the ward.

I heard an exclamation from T. B.'s direction and looked up. Talk about transfiguration!! If he had patronized the Gold Dust Twins he couldn't have shone any brighter. He jumped up and down; he beamed; he gurgled; he read his letter again and again.

I demanded an explanation. Speechless, he handed me the letter and gesticulated, "Read it."

This is what I saw:

"Dearest Husband:

"Last night there came to our house the dearest little boy in the world. He weighs eight pounds, and we all think he looks like his father."

I didn't get any farther for the fellows made one rush at the new parent and amid the uproar I heard T. B.'s high-pitched voice:

"Boys, I'm the father of a little T. B.!"

IN THE CAMP HOSPITAL

O, let the solid ground

Not fall beneath my feet

Before my pay comes round,

My pay day—once so sweet.

Then let come what may,

I'll be no longer mad,

I shall have had my pay.

Let the sweet heavens endure,

Not close and darken above me

Before I am quite, quite sure

There's no Paymaster to love me;

Then let come what come may

To a life that has been so sad;

At least I'll have my pay.

The Four Stars

THE TEA ROOM ON THE SQUARE

Food Par Excellent

MRS. LOUIS M. BOURNE

Hours: 12:00 to 6:30

*Why Not Bring That Watch in Now and Have It
Repaired and Adjusted?*

FINE REPAIRING OUR SPECIALTY

J. E. CARPENTER

16 NORTH PACK SQUARE

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GRANT'S PHARMACY

On the Square with Everybody

CALL NUMBER TEN WHEN IN NEED OF ANYTHING IN

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AGENTS FOR CRANE'S FINE CHOCOLATES

3 EAST PACK SQUARE

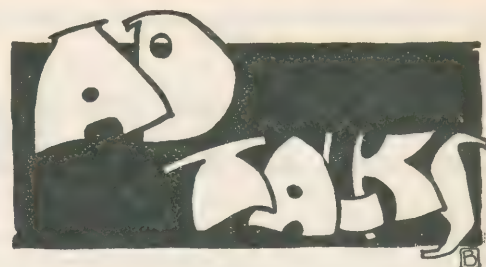
ASHEVILLE, N. C.

Barbee-Clark

CIGARS

That's Our Business

Any and Everything for the Smoker



MR. HOTEL OWNER AND OTHERS

A few weeks ago one of our lieutenants expected his wife and children to come to Asheville to live while he was on duty at the Hospital.

Being a comparative stranger in Asheville he was puzzled about the hotel to select for his family.

How did he go about picking the hotel suitable for the needs of his family? He told the writer that he went from front cover to back cover of THE OTEEN expecting to find hotel advertising which would help him. But no hotels did he find advertised. We do not know in what hotel he finally located his family or how he found that hotel.

But we do know that Hotel advertising in THE OTEEN PAYS.

Sergeant (Interviewing rookie)—“What month were you born in?”

Rookie—“I don't know.”

Sergeant—“Well, I'll name the months and you tell me which one it was. January . . . February . . . December?”

Rookie—“I don't think it was any of those. Name a few more.”

S. M. STEVENS

*Licensed Plumber and
Sanitary Engineer*

QUALITY WORK MEANS
SATISFACTION

*“Ask the folks I have done
work for”*

GENERAL ORDERS

- 1.—To accept my discharge, and take all government property in view and to beat it home.
- 2.—To accept my discharge in a military manner. Keeping always on the alert and observing that it will not be revoked before I get out of sight or hearing.
- 3.—To take the fastest train home, and not to stop at any military post on my way.
- 4.—To repeat all Latrine Rumors that are nearer to Headquarters than my own.
- 5.—Not to again quit civil life after being properly discharged from the service.
- 6.—To receive, believe; and pass on to my children all statements conforming with General Sherman's idea of war.
- 7.—To talk to no one about re-enlisting.
- 8.—In case of the presence of a recruiting officer to give the alarm.
- 9.—When the girls are at home; to allow no soldier or military person on or near my post.
- 10.—In all cases not covered by instructions to claim exemption.
- 11.—To salute all officers who have aided me in obtaining my discharge.
- 12.—To be especially watchful at night and to allow no one to pass without buying a smoke.

—RAY EVANS, Q. M.

CREDIT

The photo from which this weeks attractive cover was made was loaned to us by Higgason the Photographer.



THE NEW SERVICE BOOKS HAVE ARRIVED! EVERY MAN SHOULD POSSESS ONE! COME IN AND SEE THEM AT



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Real Shoe Economy means having your shoes repaired RIGHT. Only the best of leather and best workmanship are known here.

We Work for Uncle Sam

CHAMPION SHOE HOSPITAL

PHONE 600

PACK SQUARE

L. F. GOOLEY, Prop.

Kraft's Finest Quality

Cheese—packed in tins. Now on sale at

THE POST EXCHANGE

Furnished by

Rogers Grocery Company

Asheville, N. C.

A Photograph

of yourself before you put on civilian clothes will be cherished all your life.

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Next to Princess Theatre

Where Soldier and Civilian Meet....



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Hand-Tailored UNIFORMS

In Stock and Made-to-Measure

If YOU can't come in, Phone 914 and our Tailor or Salesman will come out.

MILITARY ACCESSORIES OF ALL KINDS

I. W. GLASER

16 Patton Ave.

Phone 914

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Superior Instrument

Endorsed by the Leading Musicians

we have them in

GRANDS, UPRIGHTS AND
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Prices \$600 to \$2500

Come and see them—no obligation to
purchase—terms if desired



DUNHAM'S MUSIC HOUSE

The Home of High Grade Pianos

THE ONLY NATIONAL BANK IN ASHEVILLE

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Asheville, N. C.

The Drink Delightful:



*Sparkling, delicious, zestful
that's Bevo!*

On sale everywhere Ask for it!

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Biltmore Avenue

Asheville, N. C.

THE WAYSIDE INN

At the Entrance to the Oteen Hospital

An Inn where the Best of
Food is Served at really
Moderate Prices.

Stop off when visiting
the Hospital.

BARON BEHEN, Proprietor